

TENDERNESS.

Not unto every heart is God's good gift
Of simple tenderness allowed; we meet
With love in many fashions when we lift
First to our lips life's waters, bitter-
sweet.
Love comes upon us with resistless power
Of curbless passion, and with head-
strong will;
It plays around like April's breeze and
shower,
Or calmly flows, a rapid stream, and
still
It comes with blessedness unto the heart
That welcomes it aright, or—bitter
fate!
It wrings the bosom with so fierce a
smart,
That love, we cry, is crueler than hate,
And then, ah me! When love has ceased
to bless,
Our broken hearts cry out for tenderness!
We long for tenderness like that which
hangs
About us, lying on our mother's breast;
A selfish feeling, that no pen or tongue
Can praise aright, since silence sings it
best:
A love, as far removed from passion's
heat
As from the chillness of its dying fire;
A love to lean on when the falling feet
Begin to totter, and the eyes to tire.
In youth's bright hey-day hottest love we
seek,
The reddest rose we grasp—but when it
dies,
God grant that later blossoms, violets
meek,
May spring for us beneath life's autumn
skies;
God grant some loving one be near to
bless
Our weary way with simple tenderness!

WITHOUT DUE AUTHORITY.

He stood at the street corner, looking
drearly into the growing fog.
A minute or two before he had been
standing behind the railings in the
park, absorbed in an effort, altogether
unavailing, to save the souls of his fel-
low citizens in this metropolis of evils.
A few yards away a revolutionary
bricklayer—out of work and with the
strongest private objection to being in
it—had hurled denunciations at the
Iniquitous British constitution, to the
delight of himself and the amusement
of his audience, and of a couple of
placidly smiling policemen who stood
near in that impersonal yet protective
attitude characteristic of the force. A
little farther on, a "lightning artist" of
tender years furnished a quiet antidote
to gesticulatory anarchy by the repro-
duction on paper of the "Duke of
York's baby," to a chorus of loyal ap-
plause. On the preacher's other hand,
a martyr, whose motives his country
had ignorantly misunderstood, per-
haps, not without just occasion, had
related with some feeling much abuse
of authorities, and more of that luck-
less eighth letter of the alphabet,
which is the chosen victim of elo-
quence in rustian, the melancholy de-
tails of an enforced retreat from public
life, which, to judge from appearances,
he had very richly deserved. When the
preacher's audience tired of his dis-
course, they had only to turn their
heads to imbibe incipient anarchy and
detected patriotism, or cultivate a
healthy admiration for juvenile talent
and the reigning house—a combination
of conflicting sentiments peculiar to
Hyde Park on a Sunday afternoon.
The other orators, however, had
found compensation for their wrongs in
the delight of sitting them at large.
They retired from the field of battle
boarse, but triumphant. The preacher's
triumph was a question which he
could only regard as much more dubi-
ous. In moments of despair, which
sometimes fell to his lot, he knew that
his congregation merely regarded him
as an interlude between the denunciations
of the political bricklayer and the
dramatic rhetoric of the ex-thief. But, to
do him justice, those moments were
few and far between. He had fought a
hard battle from a very early age, and
defeat had ceased to depress him save
at odd times when he was, perhaps, a
little colder, hungrier or sadder than it
was his usual fate to be.
As he stood at the corner a hand was
laid on his shoulder, and he turned to
find himself face to face with Dr. Jeff.
They had met before, in slums and by-
ways, and each man knew enough of
the other's life to respect it. I cannot
assert that Jeff is the little doctor's real
name, and perhaps he has a story or
mystery, or both—a skeleton which he
hides in the cupboard at his shabby
lodgings, with the stale bread and high-
ly unprofessional cheese which that re-
ceptacle contains—but I am sure that
there is no kinder soul in all London,
despite his snarls, his sarcasms and the
inexpressibly unorthodox opinions
which he scatters broadcast in this
way. All men have their hypocrisies,
and he has his. It is his delight to
shock people, to pose as something very
little better than the archfiend himself.
I have seen him succeed admirably in
his deception—with strangers. Those
who know the good little man know
also that he would not willingly bruise
a butterfly's wing nor offend the dirt-
iest and most melodious tabby that
serenades his hard-earned slumbers.
Even now, as the preacher turned his
white face and tired eyes upon him and
forced a smile, there was a charitable
scheme brewing in Jeff's mind.
"Finished spouting?" he asked, gruf-
fly. "Walk my way, will you? Abomi-
nable weather!"
He spoke with a savage air, as
though the weather and he were on
terms of violent hostility. Jeff's man-
ner generally suggested the feud-brief
and stiletto and other paraphernalia
of mediaeval murder.
They walked for some time in sil-
ence, during which the doctor eyed his
companion with a bloodthirsty expres-
sion of contentment.
"Better give it up," he said at last.
"Wearing yourself out for nothing. All
bosh!"
"Is it?" asked the preacher, half

sadly. "Sometimes I—I almost wish
my profession allowed me to think so,
too, doctor. But it doesn't."
"Hang your profession!" jerked out
Jeff. "You're not a parson?"
"No."
"Ever been one?"
"No."
"Then, why in the name of common
sense don't you go and earn some
money? My good fellow, you're—"
"What's the good of preaching?" he
went on, changing his sentence. "The
world went very well for a great many
centuries before you were born; it'll go
very well for many more after you're
buried. Let it go!"
The preacher's deep eyes flashed.
"I'll never do that," he said, quietly.
They had walked a considerable
way, and Jeff looked up with a well-
assumed start of surprise.
"Hanged if this isn't my place! Never
meant to bring you all this way. Come
in and rest."
The preacher hesitated, but he did
not wish to give offense and finally
they tramped up the narrow stairs to
Jeff's sanctum—a little sitting-room
with hideous cheap furniture, a flaring
paper and a table littered with books.
It was all very cheerless, very dingy,
but Jeff waded his guest to a chair
with a certain dignity foreign to his
usual manner—a survival, perhaps, of
other ways of life and of other visitants
than street preachers. After all, it is
the man who makes his surround-
ings. A parvenu can be vulgar in a
palace; our little doctor, despite his
bluster, might have been a prince in
disguise.

So the preacher thought as he sat
down in the arm chair—black horse-
hair covered, and deficient in the mat-
ter of springs—and glanced round the
room at the well-worn books, at the
oil-stove, which smelled abominably, at
the cupboard where the skeleton clat-
tered its empty jaws among dry crusts
and ancient cheese.
"Not much of a place, is it?" said
Jeff. "We've known better, both of us.
But it does—anything does. Excuse
me, but I want my supper. Do you
mind my getting it? Coin don't run to
many courses. But perhaps you'll help
me? Hate solitary meals—always did;
bad for the digestion. Pah! how that
infernal thing does smell, to be sure!"
Of course the preacher saw through
the device, and its clumsy, kindly deli-
cacy touched him as few things had
done of late. He murmured some com-
monplace reply and proceeded to take
a tender interest in the retrimming of
the stove. I fancy there were tears in
his tired eyes as he fumbled with the
matches, and that he blessed Jeff's
grumpy hospitality with a fervor
which would have agreeably astonish-
ed the doctor, who had received so lit-
tle gratitude in his time that he had
outgrown the usual habit of expect-
ing it.
He did not look at his guest as he
hunted in the cupboard and brought
out such modest provision as it con-
tained, and presently the preacher rose
and began to set the table ready in
silence. As he lifted one of the books
something on its faded cover caught
his eye. On the brown leather was
stamped a coat-of-arms, almost indis-
tinguishable by reason of its antiquity.
Jeff saw the glance directed toward
him, took the book from his compan-
ion's hand and flung it roughly into a
corner.
"Somebody's aristocratic vulgarity,"
he said, shortly. "What do they want
to scatter their stupid quarterings
about for? I picked it up second-
hand."
The preacher went on silently with
his task. He was quite aware that the
book had not been picked up second-
hand, but he did not even look as if he
doubted Jeff's statement. Only I think
the skeleton sidled a little closer to the
cupboard door. It is a thing which all
skeletons will do at times.
The two men sat down at the table
and began their supper. They did not
talk much at first, but presently Jeff
pushed back his chair and glanced
across at the preacher.
"I told you a lie just now," he said.
The preacher looked up, and the two
men's eyes met.
"I saw you did," he answered, sim-
ply.
"I thought you didn't know. Rather
prided myself on telling a lie neatly.
Learned it at school—about the only
thing I did learn there. Ah, now I've
shocked you."
"No," answered the other, sadly. "I
—I am not easily shocked."
"New sort of saint, eh? Well, we've
had about enough of the old."
There was silence for a moment and
then Jeff said:
"How do you know?"
"By the way you flung the book."
"Ah! I saw you looking at the old
shield and it hurt. Odd how small
things do hurt sometimes. Perhaps
you know that, too?"
"I know it very well," murmured the
preacher, with his eyes cast down.
"Thought you did," said Jeff, with a
little smile which had a touch of irony
in it.
The little doctor could never be quite
serious—his retrospective melancholy
had a dash of amusement in it. He
had grown used to the idea of himself
and the rest of humanity squirming be-
neath the dissecting knife of malignant
destiny.
"Been preaching about here?" he
went on.
The preacher looked up, half nervously.
"No. Why do you ask?"
"Not staying long, are you?"
"No," said the preacher, with a quiet
sound in his voice. "No, I think I shall
not stay very long."
Jeff sprang to his feet and then sat
down again. He looked hard at the
man's white face, and it looked back at
him. There was no fear in it, and the
sad eyes met his steadily.
"You—you must go away," said Jeff.
The preacher smiled a little.

"Yes—where—to the south of
France? My dear doctor, that's not for
me—at least not now. Once"—he
stopped, and his eyes grew dreamy.
"Not now," he said again.
Jeff did not speak at once.
"You must leave London, then."
"It is hardly worth while."
"You're a fool, and an enthusiast,"
said Jeff, roughly, yet with a sharp
catch in his voice, "but you're good
stuff. I've seen you when—man, you're
killing yourself!"
The preacher never winced. The
smile still lingered on his lips, though
they were set tight.
"I can't run away, doctor," he re-
plied. I never did that, and I can't do
it now."
"You weren't meant for this work—
do you think I have no eyes? Write to
your people and tell them—"
"I have no people," answered the
preacher, and his face was very stern.
Jeff tilted his chair, waiting. It came
at last. The preacher caught his eye,
and hesitated for a moment.
"I told you a lie, then," he said.
"Go on."
"They threw me over. My father is
a clergyman. I was to have gone into
the church. I wanted to—you don't
know how much! But I could not ac-
cept everything they told me. I sup-
pose I was unorthodox—"
He stopped. Jeff nodded mute encourage-
ment.
"They rejected me," said the preacher
slowly.
"Because you were honest. Yes. And
this was—"
"The only other way."
"You are a priest, all the same," said
Jeff, through his teeth.
The preacher stood up.
"Without due authority," he an-
swered, as he held out his hand.
"Authority," said the little doctor,
waspsily, "is not always given to the
right man—nor by the right man."
But the preacher went away silent-
ly. He was not one of those who speak
evil of authorities.
It was a month or two later, and
London was in the grip of black, bitter
frost. In a doorway in one of the
slums, behind the Salamander Music
hall, Jeff, haggard and anxious, stood
looking at the preacher with some-
thing like despair in his face.
"I'm stone broke," he said, "and the
girl must have nourishment or she'll
die. There's no time to apply to any-
one. Good God! what are we to do?"
He stamped desperately on the floor,
and then remembered his patient and
stopped. The preacher did not stamp.
"I'll get you some money," he said.
"I think I can. Yes"—he shivered a
little in the cold draught—"I'm sure I
can."
"In an hour?"
"Within an hour. I'll go now."
"You're a brick," said Jeff, as he
turned on his heel. Then the profes-
sional element in him asserted itself.
"Have something to eat before you
come out into this cold again, mind,"
he commanded.
The preacher nodded and went away
with a dreary smile on his face. Per-
haps there was a hidden irony in the
situation which he alone could per-
ceive, for he smiled more than once as
he hurried through the darkening
streets to the house where he had har-
borage. Once, as he passed a lighted
church where the choir was practicing
for 'the morrow and his eyes fell on
the notice board, the smile very nearly
became a laugh. Yet there was nothing
laughable in sight. The notice
board merely bore the sufficiently so-
ber information that Rev. John Alling-
ham Taylor would preach next day in
that church.
The preacher hurried on, and climbed
to his rooms with a white face and
fluttering breath. Arrived there, he sat
down on a broken chair and panted.
The room was almost as bare as those
cells wherein the hermits dwelt of old.
All the little personal possessions
which had adorned it once had vanish-
ed in that dreadful winter. All the
little money which had been paid to the
preacher by the family which had dis-
carded him was gone. The only two
things which remained were a large
and handsomely bound bible, lying on
the foot of the bed, and a little ivory
crucifix hanging against the bare wall.
The preacher's eye fell on these and he
sighed. Then he got up resolutely,
took down the crucifix and opened the
bible. On the flyleaf was an inscrip-
tion. He tore the page carefully out
and slipped it into the breast pocket
of his thin coat. Then he took up the
bible and crucifix and went out.
Not an hour later Jeff, in a wretched
attic, bent over a shrunken figure and
forced brandy between his lips. At the
further end of the room two children
—small, starved, wolfish-eyed—sat over
the remnants of a meal like wild beasts
over a bone. Presently the little doc-
tor gave a muttered exclamation of
relief. The children glanced up and
then returned ravenously to their food.
Their mother's eyes opened for a mo-
ment upon Jeff's face, and she whis-
pered a word of thanks. And well she
might, for he had dragged her out of
the jaws of death.
Meanwhile the preacher plodded
wearily back again to the shelter of
the four bare walls he called home. He
did not hurry this time. Very slowly
he climbed the creaking stairs, and al-
most staggered into the room. It was
growing dark and the cold was in-
tense. The preacher sat down and his
eyes involuntarily sought the nail
where the little crucifix had hung. In-
voluntarily, too, his hand drew out the
page which he had torn from the bible.
He bent over it and read the inscrip-
tion—was it the twilight which made
the letters dance and sway? It was
very cold and the darkness seemed to
come closer every moment. Perhaps
it was only his weakness that made it
seem so dark and freezing. He thought
of Jeff and his work with a curious
gladness that shut out the falling
night. Then a great weariness seized
him and he rose and tried to cross the

room. The darkness was whirling
round him now and he fell on his
knees beside the bed.
Jeff, coming in late that night to tell
him of his success, found him there,
kneeling beneath the nail where the
crucifix had hung. He did not answer
when the little doctor called to him,
and a lighted match revealed the fact
that he had slipped from a world
which had rejected him as a man of
no account. The bare room told a sil-
ent story that brought tears into Jeff's
eyes.
And in the dead preacher's hand was
a piece of crumpled paper, upon which
was written "John Allingham Taylor
and a date—that was all."
In a certain church on the following
morning, Rev. John Allingham Taylor
preached, to the great edification of his
audience and himself. It was a charity
sermon, and it is popularly sup-
posed to have been the finest thing
which that congregation had sat out
for some time.
But Jeff, who occasionally attended
that assembly, rose in the middle of
the discourse and went out with a
heart full of bitterness. Those studied
periods did not edify him. He remem-
bered a finer sermon—and its text was
a man's life. It was that of the priest
who had preached without due author-
ity.—Belgravia.
A Spelling-bee.
"I'm going to have a spelling bee to-
night," said Uncle John. "and I'll give
a pair of skates to the boy who can best
spell 'man.'" The children turned and
stared into one another's eyes. "Best
spell 'man,'" Uncle John? Why, there
is only one way!" they cried. "There
are all sorts of ways," replied Uncle
John. "I leave you to think of it a
while." And he buttoned up his coat
and went away.
Time went slowly to the puzzled boys
for all their fun that day. It seemed as
if that after supper time would never
come; but it came at last, and Uncle
John came, too, with a shiny skate-run-
ner peeping out of his great-coat pocket.
Uncle John did not delay. He sat
down, and looked straight into Harry's
eyes. "Been a good boy to-day, Hal?"
"Yes—no," said Harry, flushing. "I
did something Aunt Mag told me not to
do, because Ned Barnes dared me to. I
can't bear a boy to dare me. What's
that to do with spelling 'man'?" he ad-
ded, half to himself.
But Uncle John turned to Bob. "Had
a good day, my boy?"
"Haven't had fun enough," answered
Bob, stoutly. "It's all Jo's fault, too.
We boys wanted the pond to ourselves
for one day; and we made up our minds
that, when the girls came, we'd clear
them off. But Jo, he—"
"I think this is Jo's to tell," interrupt-
ed Uncle John. "How was it, boy?"
"Why," said Jo, "I thought the girls
had as much right on the pond as the
boys. So I spoke to one or two of the
bigger boys, and they thought so, too;
and we stopped it all. I thought it was
mean to treat girls that way." There
came a flash from Uncle John's pocket.
The next minute the skates were on
Jo's knee.
"The spelling match is over," said Un-
cle John. "and Jo has won the prize." Three
bewildered faces mutely ques-
tioned him. "Boys," he answered
gravely, "we've been spelling 'man,' not
in letters, but in acts. I told you there
were different ways, and we've proved
it here to-night. Think over it, boys, and
see."
Not Impressed.
President Kruger of the Transvaal is
a man not easily impressed by rank,
title, or worldly splendor of any kind,
and not in the least ashamed of his
own plain origin and rough upbringing.
Sir James Sivewright, upon whom once
devolved the duty of taking an import-
ant and rather pompous English duke
to call upon the President, told an
American about the conversation
which ensued. It was, of course, car-
ried on through an interpreter, and ran
about like this:
Duke—Tell the President that I am
the Duke of —, and have come to pay
my respects to him.
Kruger gives a grunt, signifying the
welcome.
Duke (after a long pause)—Ah! trii
him that I am a member of the English
Parliament.
Kruger gives another grunt and puffs
his pipe.
Duke (after a still longer pause)—And
—you might tell him that I am — a
—member of the House of Lords—a lord
—you know.
Kruger puffs as before, and nods his
head, with another grunt.
Duke (after a still more awkward
pause, during which his grace appears
to have entertained doubts as to whether
he had as yet been sufficiently identi-
fied)—Er—it might interest the Presi-
dent to know that I was a viceroi.
Kruger—Oh! What's that—a viceroi?
Duke—Oh, a viceroi—that is a sort
of a king, you know.
Kruger continued puffing in silence
for some moments, obviously weary of
this form of conversation. Then, turn-
ing to the interpreter, he said, gruffly:
"Tell the Englishman that I was a cat-
tle-herder."
This closed the interview.
Penalty for Desertion.
Desertion in time of war is punish-
able, in all armies, by death, usually in-
flicted by shooting. In time of peace
it is regarded by various governments
with different degrees of severity, ac-
cording as the military system is mild
or severe. In France, Germany or Rus-
sia desertion, even in time of peace, is
very harshly punished, but in the Un-
ited States it is punishable by a term of
imprisonment at hard labor. As a
matter of fact this penalty is rarely in-
flicted. The desertions in our army
number from 1,000 to 1,200 annually,
and few of the runaways are ever
caught.



AGRICULTURE

Ice For Dairy Purposes.

It is not alone for creameries that ice
is important and necessary. The
farmer's wife who sets her milk in
pans the old-fashioned way cannot do
her butter justice unless she has an
ice house to go to for ice to keep her
butter firm in hot weather. She is
usually obliged to adopt such make-
shifts as hanging her butter suspended
in a pail in the well or putting it in
the cellar, which, though cool enough,
is often too filled with odors to be a
proper receptacle of butter.—Boston
Cultivator.

Cleaning the Poultry-House.

There is much less consideration
given the roosts and nests than any
other portion of the poultry-house.
With the desire to save labor the roosts
are nailed to the walls and the nests
are fastened in place so as to become a
part of the building itself, the conse-
quence being that it is impossible to
thoroughly clean the poultry-house
and rid it of vermin; for as long as
there is a crack in which a louse can
hide there will be liability of rapid in-
crease of the pests, a single female
laying enough eggs in a day to furnish
the foundation for a million in a week.
Every roost should be level, that is,
all the roosts should be the same height,
and should be so constructed as to
permit of being carried outside to be
cleaned. The nests should not be
joined, but separate, soap-boxes being
excellent, open at the ends, so as to
compel the hens to walk in rather
than fly upon the nests from the top.
If the roosts and nests are taken out-
side they should be lightly brushed
with kerosene and a lighted match ap-
plied. The fire will run over the sur-
face without doing any harm. The
roosts should be treated in the same
manner. If properly constructed the
roosts and nests can be taken out and
replaced in a few moments, leaving
an empty poultry-house, which can be
easily cleaned.—Farm and Fireside.

Raising Seedling Apple Trees.

The best seed is usually that from
an ungrafted tree, though if it stands
near or the branches cross with some
good grafted variety, a part of the
seed may result in new varieties, some
of which may prove worthy of cultiva-
tion when allowed to bear fruit.
But most people only grow seedlings
as nursery stock to graft with known
varieties. To do this, take the seed
as soon as it comes from the apple,
as a very little drying prevents it from
germinating quickly and results in a
feeble growth, while a little more drying
kills the germ entirely. If the
ground is not open or ready for sowing
the seed, bury them in dry sand
and place where they will not dry up,
yet avoid the other extreme of allow-
ing the sand to gather moisture
enough to sprout the seeds.
Select a piece of light, sandy soil
and sow the seed in drills. Keep the
land mulched and water if necessary,
as the hot summer sun may kill many
plants if this is not done. When the
trees are as large around as lead pen-
cils transplant to about two feet apart
or more, and allow them to grow until
large enough to graft. This may be
done when a half inch in diameter,
but most orchardists would prefer a
larger size than that. In transplant-
ing it is desirable to remove to a bet-
ter soil, but when they are moved
after grafting the soil should not be
too rich at first, or the growth of the
graft may be more rapid than that of
the stock, and a weakness result at the
point of union.
The same rules are applicable to
growing all seedling trees, but the
seeds of stone fruits, like the peach
and plum, do not lose their germinat-
ing power quite as quickly by drying
up as do those of the apple and pear.

The Woman's Horse.

If there is anything that gives me a
severe attack of "that tired feeling"
and drains my cup of sympathy to the
dregs, it is the farmer's wife who is al-
ways telling that she can't go anywhere
because she has no horse to drive.
From the frequency of the remark I've
almost concluded that these women
comprise three-fourths of the popula-
tion of Michigan.
Two of my greatest objections to
farm life are the abominably early
hours at which the average farmer
gets up in the morning, and the
wretched horses that he often owns. I
really don't know which is the more
entitled to commiseration—the
woman who has no driving horse
at all or the one who is com-
pelled to drive an old plug of a
equine that cannot set a pace
higher than three miles an hour.
One drove by just a few minutes ago,
and she is the direct cause of this
article. She was pretty and stylish, but
I'm willing to make affidavit before
any judge in the State that the horse
over which she held the ribbons has a
ringbone, a spavin, a severe case of
heaves and is blind in one eye. Her
look and the way she used the whip,
plainly said she was in a hurry. The
look and action of the horse said also
that he was not in a hurry. In a con-
test between the two I'll stake my
wager on the horse.
I watched them over the hill and
out of sight and fell to counting up
how many of her type I knew. The
list is appalling. To be sure there are
many women too timid to drive a horse
with any "life," but there are also
many perfectly competent to manage
a spirited animal if only they had a
chance to try.

There was much excuse for the
"man in the case," when horses were
valued in the hundreds, but at present
prices it seems as if every family
might own one just for the "wimmen
folks," one that can be always avail-
able for shopping or visiting, and one
that the children may safely handle.
It needs a reliable, good-tempered
steed for such an all-around use, but
such animals can be found, and they
are not necessarily old, broken-down
plow horses. It costs just as much to
keep a homely, disreputable nag as
one in which the owner can take some
pride. Brown Bess, my own driving
horse, is a family friend and the great-
est of pets. We are all proud and
fond of her, and should any accident
befall her I fancy they'd be as much
grieving as though one of the family
was injured.
The average man likes to own a
horse that he knows no woman can
control. Not a very high ambition,
still one that no sensible woman will
object to if only she be allowed a pre-
sentable steed of her own. That sense
of ownership! How much it means!
Bicycles and horseless carriages may
rival horseflesh, but they can never
supplant it. There is a joy in hold-
ing the ribbons over a mettlesome
steed that no mere machinery can ever
inspire. There is a thrill that comes
when your pet measures speed with
the "other fellows" that is one of the
keen pleasures of life.
So, my sisters, persuade "John" to
keep a horse for your use. Once you
realize the pleasure of pride and own-
ership in a horse that is worth own-
ing you'll never be content without
one. Learn to harness and care for it
yourself. It's a very easy thing to do;
a few lessons will make you proficient,
and by so doing you will learn the lit-
tle peculiarities of disposition that are
as common to horseflesh as to men and
women. Horses are quick to know
and love their master, and by this
personal contact you will win an affec-
tion that is worth having.—Detroit
Free Press.

Farm and Garden Notes.

When the fowls are restless and con-
stantly picking their feathers they are
infested with vermin.
When the manure is hard and a por-
tion is white it indicates a healthy con-
dition of the digestive organs.
When the edge of the comb and wattle
are of a purplish red and the move-
ments sluggish there is something
wrong.
In working two horses harnessed to-
gether, care could be taken to have
them as nearly matched, as to strength,
as possible.
As a remedy for roup in its first
stages try burning tar and turpentine
in the poultry house after the fowls
have gone to roost.
A white calcicaria is one of the new
floral acquisitions. It is a native of
Chili and makes a beautiful plant for
the window garden.
Some white varieties of corn are bet-
ter than the yellow and some yellow
varieties better than the white. Color
has little to do with quality.
Timber that is placed in or upon the
ground should first be thoroughly sea-
soned, as it will then last much longer
than if put in use when green.
A farmer does not have to skin a
sheep to get its wool, but the average
money lender in dealing with farmers
does not treat them thus humanely.
Sunflower seed is an excellent food
for fowls and can be raised cheaper
than corn. It is fattening and gives
the fowls a bright, lustrous plumage.
When young poultry, especially
ducklings, appear to have a sore throat
and swallowing is difficult, it is the
symptom of the large gray lice on the
neck.
If in need of some cheap power for
pumping, churning, shelling corn,
making cider, etc., get a good wind-
mill and utilize a few of the thousands
horsepower going to waste all around
you.
Fowls which are fed and cared for
regularly will thrive much better on
the same food than another flock which
is fed irregularly as to both time and
quantity. They will lay much better
and will be more free from disease.
Speaking of cows, a contemporary
tells of one that in "ten months"
gave up "8075 pounds of milk,"
yielding "492 pounds of butter," a
fact which speaks volumes in favor of
thoroughbreds as compared with
scrabs.
According to experiments made, it
has been found that as between out-
tonseed meal and linseed meal the
former is superior for feeding farm an-
imals, but the difference between
these cattle foods is not of special im-
portance.
As a rule, says Gardening, all her-
baceous plants should be cut down to
within a few inches of the ground be-
fore taking them up late in the fall
after frost has destroyed their foliage.
This is as true of those that are trans-
planted in the open ground as of those
that are housed during the winter.
An old-fashioned flower, very seldom
seen now, is one commonly known
as Blackberry Lily. It has rather
small, bright orange, lily-like flowers,
that are "spotted like a pard," and
the seeds when ripe resemble nothing
so much as a big ripe blackberry. It
is this which gives the plant its com-
mon name.